



## Hartford Republican

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING.

JO. H. ROGERS, Editor and Proprietor.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1892.

The Republicans are not in it.

We have met the enemy and we are theirs.

How would Bob Lincoln do for President in '96?

Lincoln is elected in the Second Congressional District.

They whipped us this time, but they can't do it next time.

It will now be in order for the Democracy to "destroy the last vestige" of protection.

Henry Watterson's prophecy was all right, but he proved to be a devil of a poor prophet.

The gallant Gus Wilson was defeated for Congress in the Fifth District by a large majority.

The occupation of the old time Democratic banner is gone—the Australian Ballot System has knocked it out.

A law is due the Republican party for its bold stand in favor of the New Constitution, which provided for the Australian Ballot System.

There was less drunkenness and disorder in Hartford Tuesday than at any other election in years past. Hurrah, for the ballot system.

Without revolution and without bloodshed, the nation decided Tuesday to have a change and the change will take place on March 4th next.

The election Tuesday was the calmest affair you ever saw to be called an election. It looked like a social gathering, rather than a political contest.

ELLA ELLIOT, a young girl of New Albany, Ind., was run over and horribly mangled by a train on the streets of that city Sunday morning and died in an hour.

There was nothing with which to float the "float" Tuesday. No uneasy politician dogged his footsteps; no "hustler" administered to his vanity. He was sad, lonely and dry.

While the Democrats are enjoying their victory, let them think of '88 and they'll all know how to sympathize with us fellows, who are so distinctly not "in it" at this writing.

The Democrats of Ohio county will ratify the election of Cleveland at Hartford, Friday night, November 18th. People of all parties are invited to be present and take part in the fun.

GEORGE CHARLES SPENCER CHURCHILL, Duke of Marlborough, was found dead in his bed Wednesday morning in Bleaham Castle, Woodstock, England. His son, the Marquis of Blandford, will succeed to his title and estate.

Look out for the Democratic scramble for the offices. We learn there are already about a dozen applicants for the post-office here, and of course there will be others. There will be just about on an average a dozen applicants for every place to be filled, and then the fun begins.

The Democrats are claiming Butler county by several hundred majority. Now, right here we propose to draw the line. We have made arrangements to stand it for New York, Kansas, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois to go against us, but when Democracy sets her unshod foot upon the neck of dear old Butler, we think it is time to call a halt. We consider this the most unkindest cut of all.

The Australian Ballot System was thoroughly tested Tuesday in Kentucky, and it comes out with emphatic approval from the people. A few ballots were thrown out from some failure or other on the part of the voter, but as a whole it has proven satisfactory. Another election will thoroughly acquaint the people with the system and will add much to the possibility and probability of fair elections.

The happiest man in all Louisville Wednesday morning after the election returns were in, insuring the election of Cleveland, was our own John C. Riley. He was the Captain of a company of enthusiastic Democrats about one hundred strong, who were parading the streets, yelling themselves hoarse for their favorite. He marched at the head of the column with his hat hoisted high in the air on his cane and presented a most striking appearance.

The battle is fought and Democracy is triumphant. We bow to the will of the people, as expressed at the polls Tuesday, without complaint, and we go out of the fight feeling that what could be honorably done to forward the Republican cause we have done, and knowing the justice of the cause we have no apologies to offer. Our fight has been clean, fair and honorable and we go out as we came in, accompanied by our self-respect, bearing malice toward none, but kindness toward all.

SOME of our contemporaries have felt called upon to republish and to criticize what purported to be an advertisement appearing in the REPUBLICAN week before last. Now, it is only necessary for us to say that this was brought into the office, set up, put into the form and run into the paper in the absence of the editor and was not detected until it was too late. There is no one who feels any higher respect for the memory of the honored dead than does the editor of this paper, and no one would be farther from knowingly committing a breach of good taste, and we can but esteem these criticisms and the effort to give them publicity on the part of our brethren of the press as being, to say the least, unkind.

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## A CLEAN SWEEP.

**The Democracy Carries the Earth from the Lakes to the Gulf and from Sea to Sea.**

**CLEVELAND.....303**

**HARRISON.....124**

**WEAVER.....17**

Never in the history of the party have the Republicans suffered such a Waterloo as was inflicted upon them Tuesday. It is unparalleled. A defeat is no name for it. It was a ground-swell, a landslide, an earthquake.

New York, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois all go Democratic.

As the returns now stand the electoral vote is as follows:

States. Cleavel'd. Har. Wea.

Alabama.....11 .....

Arkansas.....8 .....

California.....9 .....

Colorado.....4 .....

Connecticut.....6 .....

Delaware.....3 .....

Florida.....4 .....

Idaho.....13 .....

Illinois.....24 .....

Iowa.....15 .....

Kansas.....10 .....

Kentucky.....13 .....

Louisiana.....8 .....

Maine.....6 .....

Massachusetts.....15 .....

Michigan.....6 .....

Minnesota.....9 .....

Mississippi.....9 .....

Missouri.....17 .....

Montana.....3 .....

Nebraska.....8 .....

Nevada.....3 .....

New Hampshire.....4 .....

New York.....36 .....

New Jersey.....10 .....

North Carolina.....11 .....

North Dakota.....3 .....

Ohio.....23 .....

Oregon.....4 .....

Pennsylvania.....32 .....

Rhode Island.....4 .....

South Carolina.....9 .....

South Dakota.....4 .....

Tennessee.....12 .....

Texas.....15 .....

Vermont.....4 .....

Virginia.....12 .....

Washington.....4 .....

West Virginia.....6 .....

Wisconsin.....12 .....

Wyoming.....3 .....

Totals.....303 124 17

In the County and District races,

Democracy was none the less triumphant. Montgomery, Rowe, Owen, Likens and J. P. Stevens are all elected by safe majorities.

FOR CIRCUIT CLERK.

Likens carries the following preci-

cutes by the annexed pluralities:

East Hartford 2, West Hartford 25,

Centertown 33, Smallhouse 8, Rock-

port 49, Cool Spring 3, Beaver Dam

34, Shreve 5, Ellis 68, Magan 1, Buford 61, Abberville 8, Beda 2. Total, 300. S. T. Stevens carries the following preci-

cutes by the annexed pluralities:

Cromwell 45, Select 14, Rosine 79,

Horse Branch 16, Sulphur Springs 12, Fordsville 31. Total, 197. Miller has the following

pluralities: McHenry 26, Bartlett 57,

Total, 83.

FOR SHERIFF.

J. P. Stevens has the following plu-

ralities by precincts: West Hartford

21, Centertown 30, Smallhouse 10,

Rockport 50, Cool Spring 1, Beaver

Dam 50, Shreve 5, Ellis 68, Magan

1, Buford 59, Abberville 6. Total,

290. Woodward has the following

pluralities: East Hartford 14, Crom-

well 38, Select 14, Rosine 96, Horse

Branch 16, Sulphur Springs 29,

Fordsville 31, Beda 1. Total, 231.

Smith's pluralities were: McHenry

26, Bartlett 57. Total, 83.

J. P. Stevens' vote.....1,674

Stevens' vote.....1,557

Miller's vote.....961

Likens' plurality.....117

A Fatal Fall.

HAZELTON, Pa., Nov. 7.—The tree

steeple spanning a forty-foot ravine at Honeybrook broke to day, precipitating to the bottom ten loaded cars

and six men. At noon the men were

on the way to their dinner on a train,

and while crossing the trestle the tim-

bers gave way, precipitating the train

and men to the bottom. The loud noise

made by the cracking timbers and

tumbling miners attracted the attention

of other workmen, who rushed to the

scene. A horrible sight met their gaze as they peered into the yawning abyss. Nearly fifty feet below

the surface could be seen a heap of

debris, with legs arms, and other

parts of human victims protruding.

Willing hands rushed to the assistance

# THE GREAT

Bargain Center is  
**FAIR BROS. & CO.,**

Leaders of style, quality and prices in Ohio County. During the month of November and December. We are going to offer rare inducements to those who have not yet bought their Winter Supplies. Read our prices below and see if they are not bargains:

Large white blankets.....	\$1 per pair
Best bed blankets (all wool).....	\$2.75 per pair
Bed comforts.....	.72 cents apiece
Extra bed flannel (all wool).....	at 16¢ per yard
Best twilled red flannel.....	25 cents
Good twilled gray flannel.....	25 cents
Fluffy-four-inch turkey red (table linen).....	.30¢ per yard
Good prints.....	.5 cents
Ten cent bleached cotton.....	at 8¢ cents
Apron check gingham.....	.5 cents
1½-yard-yard white linsey.....	.35 cents
Best domestic.....	.6 cents
All wool shawls.....	.75¢ to \$2.50
Ladies cloaks.....	\$2.00 to \$15.00
Mens box-toe boots, whole stock.....	.25¢ to .25¢
Mens plain toe boots, whole stock.....	.17¢ to .25¢
Boys plain toe boots, whole stock—13 to 2.....	.12¢ to .25¢
Childs plain toe boots, whole stock—11 to 13.....	.10¢ to .25¢
Childs plain toe boots, whole stock—7 to 10.....	.09¢ to .25¢
Childrens and Misses shoes (best).....	.25¢ to .75¢ per pair
Ladies shoes.....	.55¢ to \$1 per pair
Boys nice suits.....	.10¢ to \$5.00
Boys nice overcoats.....	.15¢ to \$10.00
Mens nice suits, all wool.....	.60¢ to \$20.00
Ten dollar overcoats.....	.48¢ to .50¢

## We are Headquarters for Clothing!

Price our Goods and you will buy them. Everything sold under a strict guarantee to be as represented.

**FAIR BROS. & CO., Props.**  
Hartford Temple of Fashion.

## YOU and Your Children

It is a wonderful remedy, which is alike beneficial to you and your children. Such is Scott's Emulsion of Pure Norwegian Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda. It checks wasting in the children and produces sound, healthy flesh. It keeps them from taking cold and it will do the same for you

Scott's Emulsion cures Coughs, Cold, Consumption, Scrofula and all Azoic and Wasting Diseases. Prevents wasting in children. Almost as palatable as milk. Get only the genuine. Prepared by Scott & Sons, Chemists, New York. Sold by all Druggists.

### Scott's Emulsion

## Furniture! Furniture!!

For Ward-Robes, Dressers, Suits, Rockers or anything in the General Furniture Line, see

**T. J. MORTON.**

**N. N. & M. V. R. R.**

TRAINS LEAVE BEAVER DAM.  
TRAIN GOING WEST.  
No. 5, Mail and Express..... 1:10 P. M.  
No. 7, Limited Express..... 1:30 P. M.

TRAIN GOING EAST.  
No. 6, Mail and Express..... 1:45 P. M.  
No. 8, Limited Express..... 2:45 A. M.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1892.

For Sale.  
Two fine saddle and harness horses. Apply to S. A. Anderson, at the REPUBLICAN Office.

For Sale.  
A storehouse and lot in Rosine, known as the Frank Heavin property. Apply to J. E. Fogle, Hartford, Ky.

The Crowd  
That will attend the sale at Rockport, Ky., Nov. 15, will be immense. Part of the property owned by Dr. S. A. Jackson, deceased, will be offered to the highest and best bidder. Consisting of the home place of 175 acres of very rich land, residence of eleven rooms, good water, plenty of fruit; a residence on Main Street; a residence on Beech Hill; a tobacco factory 40x90, 3 stories; new; 2 farms in Muhlenberg county; horses, mares, colts, hogs, sheep, cattle, an extensive lot of agricultural implements, wagons, buggy, hay, wheat, corn, and a quantity of other things.

Terms: Sums of \$5 and under, cash. Stock and agricultural implements, 12 months. Household and kitchen furniture, 6 and 12 months. Land, houses and lots, one third cash, balance in 1, 2 and 3 years.

All properly secured. For further particulars, call on or address

Mrs. ELIZABETH JACKSON.

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For Rent.

The best law office in Hartford, apply to John J. McHenry.

Notice.

All persons knowing themselves indebted to me are requested to call on M. L. Heavin, Hartford, and settle the same.

Rospy,

L. T. Cox.

For Sale.

A good farm containing 212 acres of land. About one-half cleared; good improvements; well watered. Lies four miles south of Fordsville on the extension of the Owensboro & Falls of Rough railroad. For terms, call on or address, JOHN J. McHENRY, 8t, Hartford, Ky.

This paper is on file in Philadelphia, Boston, New York, and other large cities, and is sent to all the principal newspapers.

Gloves of all kinds, at Kahn's. C. R. Martin is the boss jewelry repairer.

Five dozen of best Comforts made, at Kahn's.

If you want picture frames, call on W. H. Davidson.

Trade at Kahn's, if you want goods at your own price.

For Jewelry and Watch repairs, go to C. R. Martin.

The best and cheapest Jewelry repairer is C. R. Martin.

Just received, five dozen pairs of gum Boots at Kahn's.

Red Front has a lot of new crop New Orleans molasses for sale cheap.

Go to C. R. Martin and have your Jewelry made good as new.

Hovey & Ashley are the boss grocerymen. Call on them for bargains.

Why not buy your Clothing at Kahn's? He will give you a bargain.

Blankets, flannels, comforts at Kahn's for less than you can make.

Dry Goods, Clothing, Boots, Shoes, Hats and Caps, at your own price, at Kahn's.

Mr. Press Ross has been ill several days. He is thought to have pneumonia.

The finest overcoats ever brought to Ohio county, at Kahn's, at your own price.

If you want a shave shingle or shampoo, call on Archie Cain, the popular barber.

Boys and children's overcoats, men's overcoats, at Kahn's. Come before all are sold out.

Hovey & Ashley are well prepared to furnish fire-works and everything for the ratification.

Go to the Red Front for fresh kraut, pickles, cabbage, onions, potatoes, bacon and lard.

The Red Front carries a complete line of fancy and staple groceries, and get bargains.

Have you Jewelry to be repaired? If so, take it to C. R. Martin, perfect satisfaction guaranteed.

Go to the best house to buy your clothing, that will give you a bargain, that is Kahn's house.

Men's overshoes, ladies' overshoes, misses' overshoes, boys' overshoes, and children's overshoes at Kahn's.

Our \$1.00 Shoe still leads in a fine Shoe. You can't find anything half so good for the money. SARA & ME.

You can find the cheapest line of Millinery in town, at the Bazaar.

SARA & ME.

Try Anderson's wear-forever Shoes, for fall and winter wear. They are all guaranteed. SARA & ME.

Dec French, Lagrange, purchased the Hill property on Mill Street at public auction last Monday for \$800.

Childrens suits at Kahn's all you can't rest. Get one for your son. Bring him to the house and get a fit.

Leave your orders with Casbier & Burton for the best of care. Saddle horses, or anything in the livery business.

Everybody is invited to leave their horses with Casbier & Burton when you come to Hartford to ratify on the 18th, for the best of attention.

Ed and Frank Jones, the former charged with breach of peace, and the latter for disturbing public worship, are in jail and will be tried to-day.

Lealie Duke, oldest son of M. V. Duke, near Sulphur Springs, died last Thursday and was buried Friday. The REPUBLICAN extends condolence to the bereaved.

A Sunday School of the Christian Church has been organized in Hartford. It meets every Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock, in the Presbyterian Church. Everybody invited.

Mrs. Elizabeth Chapman, widow of the late Sol Chapman, of Butler county, and sister of the late Rev. James Austin, of this county, died last week at the home of her brother, Mr. Brookes Austin, near Morgantown.

Police Judge J. M. Ragland's Court, at Rosine, last Thursday, Oscar and Octavia Logsdon and Dora and Bettie Renfrow were tried on a charge of keeping a bawdy house, each fine \$100, and on failing to pay the fine were brought to jail on Friday.

There are ten inmates in the County Jail. Here are their names and charges: Frank Jones, Oscar Logsdon, Dora Renfrow, Annie Renfrow and Octavia Logsdon, keeping bawdy house; H. B. Ferguson, rape; F. L. Graycraft, carrying concealed weapons; Deaf Alford, carrying concealed weapons; Wes Callahan, striking Crit Park; John Guess, carrying concealed weapons.

Mr. Dav Williams, living in the Union neighborhood, three miles south of Beaver Dam, died Friday and was buried Saturday in the cemetery at the latter place. He was an excellent man, a devout Christian and none knew him but to love him. He had been afflicted for years, but bore his affliction with patience. He leaves a wife, two daughters and a large circle of friends to mourn his loss.

## PERSONAL

Miss Mary Cox went to Louisville yesterday.

A. M. Barnett made a flying trip to Central City, Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Nave Beaver Dam, went to Louisville Tuesday.

Dr. King and John Greenwood, Centertown, were in town yesterday.

Mrs. E. D. Guffey and daughter, Miss Mercedes, went to Rosine Tuesday.

S. L. Casebier, of Hartford, spent Sunday in town.—[Central City Herald].

C. M. Cole spent Sunday and Monday with his parents at Sulphur Springs.

Miss Sallie Taylor, accompanied her father, H. P. Taylor, to Louisville Tuesday.

Miss Mattie Gill, New Albany, Ind., is visiting friends and relatives in Louisville.

R. B. Whittinghill and H. D. Smith, Fordsville were in town Wednesday and Thursday.

A. F. Stanley was at home the first of the week. He left for his work at Hammonville yesterday.

Dr. E. W. Ford and wife, of Fordsville, were the guests of Col. W. H. Moore and family the first of the week.

T. L. Baird and family, Kinderhook, who have been visiting relatives in Caneyville returned home Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Tompkins, who have been visiting at Sulphur Springs for the past few weeks, returned to their home in Owensboro, Sunday.

Mrs. Wm. Ward, Sr. and daughter, Mrs. Laura McKinney, Kinderhook, who have been visiting friends in Hardin county, returned home last Saturday.

The following named Ohio county boys went to Louisville Tuesday evening: H. P. Taylor, E. D. Guffey, Dr. A. B. Baird, F. L. Felix, S. A. Anderson, Dr. J. L. Liles, C. M. Barnett, Alex Barnett, C. L. Hardwick, J. C. Riley, J. H. Nave, R. J. Daniel.

Trade at the Bazaar.

Prof. Alex Foster, of Lufkin, Texas, writes to his brother, Richard, as follows: "I have very sad news to chronicle. On last Friday, the 4th inst., at noon just after I had eaten my dinner and got back up to my college two of the boys fell out and one shot the other dead. Shot him twice. He came very nearly shooting me as I got to him about the time he made the shot."

Lee Nelson, son of F. E. Nelson, living East of town, fell from a tree while gathering nuts in the bottoms last Sunday and received injuries, which will likely prove fatal. He and his two brothers were together, and he concluded to climb a tree to shake the nuts down, and a limb, on which he was standing, gave way and he fell to the ground, a distance of about 40 feet. He was immediately picked up and carried home, and at last account was doing as well as could be expected.

The Mammoth's Excursion.

The great Mammoth Shoe and Clothing House of Kleinman & Simonson, Louisville, will give an excursion to-morrow to that city. The occasion is the eveving matinee of the Lillian Russell Opera Company, at the Auditorium in the great play "La Cigale."

Tickets from Beaver Dam \$3.50.

To Ratify.

The exulting Democracy of Hartford and Ohio county will ratify on next Friday night, the 18th, and the town will be a lurid pandemonium.

May they enjoy it for we can't."

The following is the committee appointed yesterday morning: H. P. Taylor, J. C. Riley, J. W. Ford, Steve May, Rowan Holbrook, B. D. Ringo, and W. H. Moore.

Teachers' Meeting.

The Teachers' Association, of Bu-

ford Magisterial District, will convene

at Pleasant Ridge, Saturday, Nov. 19,

in joint discussion with the Da-

vises County Association.

We hope that every teacher in the dis-

trict will attend, as we anticipate a grand meet-

ing. J. L. Elmore, Pres.

A. P. TAYLOR, Sec'y.

The Twentieth Semi-Annual Statement

OF THE

BANK OF HARTFORD

At the Close of Business, June

30, 1892.

RESOURCES.

Bills discounted..... \$59,317.09

Real estate..... 3,000.00

Furniture and fixtures..... 1,000.00

Bonds..... 1,341.67

Debt in suit..... 743.54

Cash on hand & in other b/k's 40,420.79</

## Hartford Republican

TUESDAY NOVEMBER 30, 1892.

### FUN WITH A DRUMMER.

A Wonderful Idea That Is a Delightful Source of Joy to a Happy Town.

"The meanest trick that was ever played on me," said a St. Louis drummer who was trying to sleep in a sleeper, "was by my wife. The little town is on the side of the hill and is as sleepy and quiet resting a place as one will find in a year's journey. I got into the town on one boiling hot day in August about 1 o'clock, and proceeded to rustle around to get through business and sleep out."

"The town was so internally lazy looking that I didn't have much confidence in my ability to get business. At the postoffice corner an aged and decrepit gray mare, with flapping ears and solemn men presided over the session of whistlers, who were in session under the big sycamore tree. I needed one of the group to find out where Josie Wilkins, the principal stockkeeper, might be found, and learned that he was tending a burning over in Catnip Hollow." Just as I was about to move away I heard a muffled cry:

"Help! help!"

The whistlers paid no attention, and the gray mare was giving all his time to a fly on the end of his nose.

"Again I heard the distant muffled cry of 'Help! help!'

"It's a real shame about that poor nigger," remarked one of the whistlers.

"What's the matter with the nigger?" I asked, at the same time looking suspiciously at the wooden grated manhole of the sewer on the corner.

"Well, you see, it's this way; strange Bill Stark's bell pup crawled up the sewer from the creek and got fast, and when the nigger crawled up after him he got fast too."

"Great heavens! Why aren't you digging for him? The poor fellow will die!"

"Of course he may die, stranger, but then it's pretty hot today, and he is only a nigger, anyway."

"This is inhuman! Come, men, and we'll rescue the poor fellow."

"Just then another cry of 'Help!' drove me almost to frenzy. I gave some change to the lazy colored men and sent them for shovels and picks. They came, and after distributing the implements I went to digging like a crazy man. Presently I looked around to see why the others were not helping me, and there was not a soul in sight. I was wild with rage, and cried down the manhole to see how the man was getting along. Not a word came in answer. I backed off a little to save the work and heard that same muffled sound again:

"Come off the perch! You are an old fool!"

I looked around and saw the whole town coming at me. They were laughing and shouting, and I knew I was the cause of a great joke. They led me to a barroom and told me to register in a big book labeled "Echo Fools." There were over 500 names of people who had been fooled. It was one of those whispering echoes where sound is thrown back from the bluff to one particular spot.—Detroit Herald.

### The Youngest Dickens Speaks.

Mr. Edward Bulwer-Lytton Dickens, M. P., for Wilemannia, has perpetrated a really capital joke in the New South Wales parliament. That body contains a member named Willis, who is remarkable not only for the prodigious length of his speeches, but also for the short, snappy sentences in which he delivers them. Mr. Dickens followed him in debate the other night, and the first words of the youngest son of the novelist were:

"My father created the historic phrase 'Burkis is willin,' but if we were here tonight he would probably have altered it to 'Willis is barkin'."

This exceedingly felicitous intonation brought down the house, the galleries joining in the general laughter.—London Tit-Bits.

### Confound'd Enough.

The reunion of men who had been schoolboys at the "Gummers" brought out many stories about the famous schoolmaster who conducted that institution. One of them was about a lad who went off on a long hunt one day without permission. Returning after a luckless tramp, he was summoned to the presence of Mr. Gunn. The master first examined the truant's box, and after inspecting the five good for nothing specimens it contained, inquired, "Is that all you got?" "Yes, sir," was the answer. "Well, that's punishment enough," was the master's judgment.—Christian Union.

### Did Very Well.

Friend—Well, the hanging committee accepted your picture.

Artist—Eh? Wha?—I haven't sent any picture. My picture "A Foggy Morning" was to be sent, but the stupid man made a mistake.

### What did he take?

An old frame with a piece of spoiled canvas in it."

"Well, he took it anyhow. You know it's an impressionist exhibition."—New York Weekly.

**How Constructive Better Than Ven.**  
The celebrated naturalist, Buckland, declares that in his constructor's flesh is fine eating, and that its taste and color could hardly be distinguished from ven. —St. Louis Republic.

### The Sultan Orders.

Beyond Tangier I see between ranges of metalliferous mountains, upon whose slopes herds of wild horses, enough to set up the Continent with cavalry or tame cattle for its commissariat, could be raised, vast alluvial plains, well watered, utterly untouched by industry, yet capable of bearing grain and fruit enough to supply half Europe; wheat, oranges, lemons, Indian corn, sugar, grapes, olives, dates, bananas and every kind of vegetable. I see a great navigable river, the Lébou, down which all this produce might be floated, between Fez and the sea-coast, for rapid export. Not a steam plow, or a harrow, or a threshing machine will the sultan permit; not a square foot will he sell; not a steamer or trading boat may ply upon rivers which should be at once the boundaries of teeming and prosperous provinces and the arteries of cosmopolitan commerce.—Fortnightly Review.

### INCIDENTAL ANGLING.

Catching a Few White Baiting to Give Pop a Chance to Wash.

I had walked out upon the trunk of a fallen tree and cast so as to be clear of its entangling twigs, when, hearing a succession of sharp sneezes, and turning in the direction whence the sounds issued, I observed a full grown boy, barefooted and coatless, engaged in fishing from the rock ledge a short distance from me. The point I had reached through thicket and briar was a wild, unfringed bend of the stream, where no sign of life had been visible, except here and there the chick, restless fit of a bird and the playful antics of a young squirrel, as he climbed along the zig-zag lines of a rail fence on the opposite bank. I was therefore presently surprised in having my solitude broken upon by a human companion so unexpectedly near, and decided to learn to know him. I thereupon accosted him:

"Good morning, young man! I ventured.

"Morning, mister," he answered pleasantly.

"Your name isn't Wilkinson, is it?"

"Nope, it's Brill. I'm Lije Brill."

"Well," I replied, "Brill is a better name than Wilkinson; at least, it is more easily spoken, because there is less of it. How are they biting your way, Elijah?"

"Only middlin' peart. I've got a few bass and some gardeye and a leach or two," he said, as he raised a taut string that made me envious and anxious to own it for the sake of my reputation and the encouragement of our desponding comrade-artist of the camp; "but, huzza!" he continued. "I just catcheth somehow couldn't get past it, and lowed pap might wait while I dropped a line in and rested upon a spell. This is not one of my regular days to fish. Only happened to be on my way to town in somethin' of a hurry to get that dratted bean for pap, and I must be goin' on me sick!"

"I dare say your father needs it," I said, interrupting him.

"Well—pap's waitin' for it. He likes to wait, mister, pap does. He can't play till I get back, but he'll sit around under the shade end of the tool shed and wait and whittle and whittle and wait. But I must be goin' mister. Ma, she'll skin me whole, I reckon. Sheh the ones wants the bean to get there."

"I see how it is, Lijah." I interposed.

"For you me runs the tavern, as it were, and your pa is the head waiter."

"That's the idea. You've got it, mister. May be you know my ma. No? Well, you ought to call, just to see her make him stand round and know his place. A centauromoon honey-moon has lit up a farm for meigh on to twenty year. But I must go. You haven't got a little tobacco about you, I reckon? Obliged to you, mister, take my string. Ma, she matchably hates water that fish swim in; pap he'll wait till they split open; he chews 'em, and I haven't got time. Basstake em home, anyway, mister, kus I haven't been a-fishin', you know. Only restin' up spell to give pap another good chance to wait."—Forest and Stream.

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